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The Legend: A Poem

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THE LEGEND

Scott Adams

I am old and grey now. . .shorn and beaten now. . .but
prouder for it.

Four sad years I labored in a cause for which I knew
there was no dawning. At my feet ran the blood of fathers. . .
brothers. . .

sons (so young, O God). . .

And I am left alive, yet not alive. The blue-black
limbo darkness floods and crowds and drives my soul to
despair yet I must not
succumb.

There must be no
weakening.

For I alone am left to tell the proud ones' tale—
The tall ones, the ashen grey ones. . .the dead ones. And
I alone am left to tend the fires they kindled
with their hopes and blood.

And O, I wish to lay my burdens down. But there can
be none of that because they're all I have. . .all I am.

The way is long and wide and there is nowhere left
to hide and there is nothing for me now but just to
go on,

go on,

go on,

while there's none beside me, none to hear or see or care. . .

And O, it's that I'm torn and tattered—weary beyond
all else. . .

But I will not
quit.

I can never
give up.

For in the instant that I do I will die and there will
be no one to care
what went before.

There will be no one to raise the ghosts, no one to
clean the graves. . .and none to remember. And it's the
remembering that is as important as the deed; if there is
no remembering, the deed means naught.

For even if it is recorded in a thousand books,
and laid up for a thousand years,
unless it is remembered
it is dead.

Dead!

I am the Legend.